

Death's Uncontrollable Summons;

OR, *The Mortality of MANKIND.*

Being a Dialogue between *DEATH* and a *YOUNG-MAN.*

To the Tune of, *My Bleeding Heart.*



I Dumber and slower my senses sail'd,
hey ho, hey ho, then slept I;
The bright Sun rais'd a mist withall,
eclips'd in the darksome Sky.

An ancient Father stood by me,
hey ho, hey ho, hollow eyes,
A soul deform'd Alight was he
I thought my youth did him delivre.

His Cloak was green his head was gray,
hey ho, hey ho, alter fair,



His face was pale as any clay
his Countenance made me much to fear.

Amaz'd at the suddain sight,
hey ho, hey ho, pouthful boy;
I stood as one amaz'd quite,
hey ho, hey ho, dismal day,

Father, quoth I, tell me your name,
hey ho, hey ho, tell me true,
I pray you tell to me the same,
my joynts do tremble at thy view.

Young Fourth, quoth he, I tell to thee
hey ho, hey ho, thy thread is spun;
My name is Death, I come for thee
hey ho, hey ho, thy Glass is run.

For me sweet Death I hope not so,
hey ho, hey ho, I am going;
Let me be old before I go,
alack! my time hath not been long.

I have this worldly wealth or will,
hey ho, hey ho, ask and have,
Let me enjoy those Pleasures still,
oh my Soul abhors the Grave.

I scorn the Treasure and the Pelf,
hey ho, hey ho, haste away,
The gods shall perish with the self,
tis not thy Wealth, my Stroke shall slay.

Oh Death! what will my true Love say?
hey ho, hey ho, she'll complain.
On thee, for taking me away;
Sweet Death with her let me remain.

I tell thee yet, thou strivest in vain,
hey ho, hey ho, go 'tis time;
Thy vital thread is cut in twain,
oh hark and hear the dullsome Chime.

Then woe is me! I must be gone,
hey ho, hey ho, my heart,
My Worlds delight and all is gone,
there was never man so loath to part.

Hark well my Fall you pouthful Buds,
hey ho, hey ho, view my Fall,
My Pleasures, Plenty Life and Goods,
hey ho, hey ho, Death ends all.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball
in Pye-corner.